

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

No traualer returnes, puzzels the will,  
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,  
Then flie to others that wee know not of.  
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,  
And thus the natue hiew of resolution  
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought.  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,  
With this regard their currents turne awry,  
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,  
The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy orizons  
Be all my sinnes remembred.

*Ophe.* Good my Lord,  
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thanke you, well.

*Ophe.* My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours  
That I haue longed long to re-delieu,  
I pray you now receiue them.

*Ham.* No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

*Ophe.* My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,  
And with them words of so sweet breath composd  
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,  
Take these againe, for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,  
There my Lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, are you honest.

*Ophe.* My Lord.

*Ham.* Are you faire?

*Ophe.* What meanes your Lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and faire, you should admit  
no discourse to your beauty.

*Ophe.* Could beauty my Lord haue better comerce  
Then with honesty?

*Ham.* I truely, for the power of beauty will sooner transforme honesty  
from what it is to a baude, then the force of honesty can trans-  
late beauty into his likeness, this was sometime a paradox, but now  
the time giues it prooffe, I did loue you once.

*Ophe.* Indeed my Lord you made me beleue so.

*Ham.* You should not haue beleu'd me, for vertue cannot so  
euacuat our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loued you not.

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ophe.* I was the more deceiued.

*Ham.* Get thee a Nunry: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sin-  
ners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of  
such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am  
very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my becke,  
then I haue thoughts to put them in, imaginatiō to giue them shape,  
or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crawling be-  
tweene earth and heauen? we are arrant knaues, beleue none of vs.  
go thy waies to a Nunry,      Wher's your father?

*Ophe.* At home my Lord.

*Ham.* Let the doers be shut vpon him,  
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,  
Farewell.

*Ophe.* O helpe him you sweet heauens.

*Ham.* If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plage for thy dow-  
rie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape ca-  
lummy get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry,  
marry a foole, for wise men know well enough what monsters you  
make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farwell.

*Ophe.* Heauenly powers restore him.

*Ham.* I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath gi-  
uen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig and am-  
ble, and you list you nickname Gods creaturs, and make your wan-  
tonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde,  
I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all  
but one shal liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

*Ophe.* O what a noble mind is heere othrowne!  
The courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,  
Th' expectation, and Rose of the faire state,  
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,  
Th' obseru'd of all obseruers, quite, quite downe,  
And I of Ladies most deieft and wretched,  
That suckt the hony of his musick vowes;  
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason  
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,  
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth  
Blasted with extacy. O wo is me  
Thaue scene what I haue scene, see what I see.

*Exit.*

*Enter*